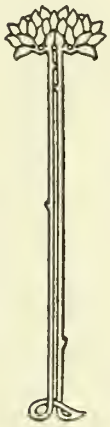
Louise Pellman

CLASS BOOK

1908

The Class Book

1908



Published by the Senior Class

Salem Normal School

Dedication

To

MR. J. ASBURY PITMAN

our Principal and Friend

the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Eight

lovingly dedicate this book

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J. ASBURY PITMAN, PRINCIPAL

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President, Mildred F. Merrill.

Vice-President, Florence Davidson.

Secretary, Mildred A. Wetmore.

Treasurer, Abbie M. Croscup.

Alma Mater.

To thee, our Alma Mater fair,
A loving tribute we will bring;
And of thine ever fost'ring care
In joyous voices we will sing.

Bright hours, our Alma Mater dear,
Are those which we have spent with thee;
And after years however drear
Will sweeter prove because of thee.

As future years go fleeting past
Thy worth we'll cherish more and more.
Should laurel wreaths be ours at last,
We'll lay the honors at thy door.

LOUISE ARVILLA HILL.

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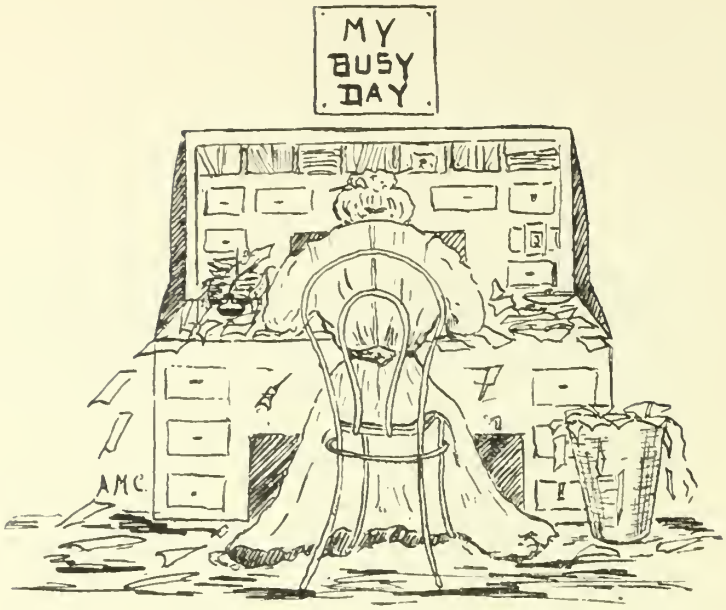


In presenting this Class Book it is our purpose to interest not only the students, but also the Alumni and all who are interested in our Normal School. We hope that the book will show outsiders something of the work and spirit of the school. We ask our readers to think kindly of our work and to remember that, whatever defects it may have, it was undertaken for the honor of the school and its members.

We extend our grateful thanks to Miss Learoyd for her hearty sympathy in the preparation of our book. With her help we were enabled to undertake the work. To Mr. Whitney we owe many suggestions. We also appreciate the friendly interest which the other members of the faculty have shown.

One of the witnesses at a coronation of a Czar in Russia described the throng of cheerers as most unjoyous. How utterly incredible this seems to us, who at much lesser functions than those attending the crowning of the head of a nation show such a tremendous amount of exhilaration. Those quiet subdued crowds in Russia have had every drop of enthusiasm, so to speak, squeezed from them by authority and hard work. Fear of an official has checked any sign of fervor.

In direct contrast with that unjoyous crowd think of our own people on the "Fourth of July." In the roar of the cheers, amid the confusion of snap-crackers, horns, and cannon we see thousands of faces lighted up in the joy of being American citizens. One cannot help being carried along with these wild enthusiasts. America stands for enthusiasm. It is seen everywhere. Even this school of ours came from the enthusiasm of the people for more education. It is enthusiasm which urges America on to success. Why were the Russians defeated in the war with Japan? Enthusiasm was dead in those silent, subdued soldiers.

The question may arise, "What has all this to do with our work as teachers?" Everything is the answer. The children for whom we are to care must be lifted out of the humdrum of school drudgery. That drudgery may become a glorious work through the inspiration of enthusiasm. Under its influence the children will go out from school with a foundation for success in life, that is, with a spirit of lasting enthusiasm.

The best of greetings to you, the class of '09! May your senior year be as happy as ours has been!

In looking over the past two years of our life, the greater part of which has been spent in this school, there comes a feeling of wholesome pride. This institution stands for attainment of knowledge, of power and skill, and of moral strength. We have had set before us high standards for which we have struggled and toiled. The very struggle has broadened and enriched our natures; filled us with hopes for living our part in the advancement of education. As we go from the inspirations which have surrounded and guided us here, we shall hear and feel their echoes each day of our busy lives. Those echoes will help us to mould the younger generation before us into truer and more noble citizens and more loving fellow-creatures, even as our predecessors have tried and in most cases accomplished. It has been a line of capable men and women which has gone before us. Is it then unworthy to be glad and proud that we, too, are to be a part of it? To be a part of the line means that we are to belong always to this school. Is it not a joyous, even thrilling pride, that comes to us as we think of that? Yes! Let us repeat it again. We are to be always a part of the Salem Normal School.

List of Superlatives.

Best eyes. Miss Learoyd.
Most patient. Mr. Adams.
Most sarcastic. Mr. Cushing.
Most precise. Miss Martin.
Most harmless. Mr. Newell.
The kindliest. Mr. Pitman.
The best talker. Miss Warren.
The most expressive. Miss Rogers.
The most popular. Miss Deane.
The most fascinating. Miss Goldsmith.
The bluntest. Mr. Whitney.
The prettiest. Miss Peet.
The most business-like. Miss Wellman.
The most critical. Miss Paine.
The most jovial. Mr. Archibald.

Jingles For Children

A wise old owl
Sat on a tree
Winking, blinking.
Said the owl to the wind,
"Don't shake this tree,
For I'm thinking, thinking."

If I had a penny,
And you hadn't any,
What do you think I'd do?
I'd buy a candy stick
That was long and thick,
And give one-half to you.

J. C.

'Twas all about a little mouse.
He raced and ran about the house;
He put on his cap,
Walked into a trap
And tore quite a hole in his blouse.

M. H. F.

My brother said, "To catch a bird
  Put salt upon its tail."
So here I have a pound or more
  Within my little pail.

But now, oh, dear! What shall I do?
  Was such a thing e'er heard?
I find if I would salt its tail
  I first must catch the bird.

E. L. A.

Johnnie took his doggie,
  His mother said he might.
Johnnie loved his doggie,
  It was his great delight.
Johnnie lost his doggie,
  It gave him such a fright.
Johnnie found his doggie,
  And hugged him all the night.

L. P.

The Water-Lily Fairies.

Anne had been on the lake all the afternoon gathering water-lilies. Now she was tired of them; so she pulled their petals and finally dropped them in her canoe. She beached her canoe and lay back, feeling rather drowsy.

Gradually, the odor from the lilies seemed to become sweeter and more powerful. Anne looked at the flowers and was surprised to see a great many tiny figures moving above them. The little creatures wore gauzy garments of white and gold; their hair was also of gold color; their tiny slippers were of pale green like the inside of the petals of lily buds; their wings were irridescent. They reminded Anne of the rainbow and of the shining of drops of water in the sunlight. As the dainty spirits walked along the edge of the canoe, their light tread sounded like the patter of a summer shower on the surface of the water or on the lily-pads.

One of these small creatures left the rest and approached Anne. Her eyes were like the blue of the lake in summer, but now they gleamed with passion. She demanded with an angry toss of her head:

"How dared you take our beautiful homes from the lake? Do you not see that, without our lilies, we must perish for want of shelter when the sun shines brightly in the heat of the day? You shall come with me to the queen for judgment." "Yes," came a soft chorus like the ripple of water, "she shall."

The fairy waved her hand and a soft mist clouded them all for a moment. When it passed away, Anne was in the throng of tiny people, pushed and pulled along, no larger nor stronger than they. She could not see, in the dim twilight, just where they were taking her.

Soon over the eastern shore of the lake the moon appeared—at first sending a glimmer, a glancing of silver over the water, then broadening to make a beautiful shining flood of light. In its entrancing pathway, just before Anne, there was revealed a marvellously beautiful scene.

On a large flat lily-pad, multitudes of dainty creatures flitted about bewilderingly in a fairy dance. The water on the shores of the lake sounded a musical murmur and the leaves of the trees sighed softly. The lily-spirits swayed and floated rhythmically to and fro, in time to the music of the waves and the trees.

On the hair of each dancer, a large single diamond dew-drop shone in the moonlight. The fairies smiled, and gaily bowed and glided about in the silvery light. Several were gently swinging on ropes of cobweb hung from tall reeds and rushes.

The rays of light seemed brightest in the center of the pad. Here was the throne of the queen. Under her feet was a carpet made from the gold at the heart of many lilies. She sat upon a throne of delicate pink and white, blended like the tender flush at the tip of a lily petal. In fact, the throne was itself a velvety petal. The queen wore a crown of many sparkling dewdrops in a setting of glistening gold.

As Anne and the fairies advanced, there was a sudden hush and the dancers stopped. A way of approach to the queen was quickly made. Anne drew near and

bowed low before the queen. Her little captor then angrily told the queen the wrongs Anne had inflicted upon her and her friends.

"O queen most loved! what will become of us now? We no longer have any homes since this mortal has stolen ours and ruined them forever."

"Nay, queen," replied Anne eagerly, "I will return them all, each one. I did not know the harm I was doing these dear people. I'll give them back their lilies."

"No, my child," answered the queen gently, "you cannot make whole what you so thoughtlessly and so carelessly injured. The pure white homes are already ruined beyond all hope. What can you do?"

Remorsefully, Anne hung her head and said nothing. Slowly, tears of sorrow and pity for the homeless fairies welled up in her eyes and overflowed. The queen now spoke again:

"Those tears, dear child, are the salvation of my poor fairies. They are tears of true contrition and sorrow. They will nourish the hearts of new lilies and make them grow to large and beautiful homes for those who are now homeless. But after you have returned home, remember that whenever you destroy a lovely lily you may be robbing some beautiful sprite of her shelter. Do not forget."

She waved her hand lightly, and Anne felt herself slipping, slipping. She put out her hand and sat up—to find herself grasping the sides of the canoe. The sun was just setting and it was time to go home. She took up her poor, withered, mutilated lilies and dropped them gently in the water. Then she started homeward through the twilight shadows.

MILDRED FISHER.

Miss Sayre objects to a trip to the gas house on Saturday because she has made a solemn vow that she will indulge in no pleasure excursions during Lent.

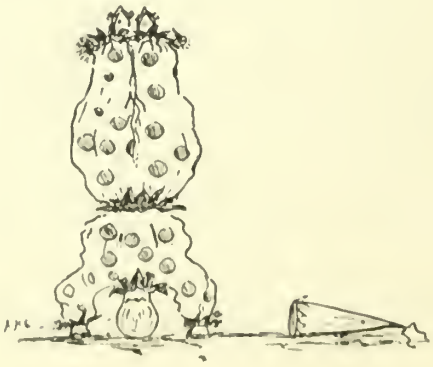
Mr. Adams: "What is energy?"

Bright Junior: "Energy is the power to overcome work."

"They have been friends together
In sunshine and in shade."

Ruth and Abbie.

Because of the great amount of knowledge obtained in this school, the following represents the attitude of the Juniors in June, 1908.



Greeting.

It is with great pleasure that we publish this greeting to our class from one of the most highly respected and dearly beloved teachers of this school.

To the class of 1908:—

A word of greeting and congratulation. Your period of systematic instruction is almost ended. The two years which, at their beginning, stretched away so far in the future, have passed all too quickly. The things you were going to do during that time are many of them, no doubt, still unaccomplished. The weight of wisdom with which you intended to freight your minds against the demands of school room emergencies seems too slight to be measured. You look back over the months spent in the immediate preparation for teaching and try to realize what you have accomplished. You look forward with some misgivings to the work which awaits you and wonder what the outcome will be. But your professional fitness can not be measured in the terms of the physicist, though certain figures may be significant. Knowledge of subject matter is undeniably essential and this you have in, at least, a fair degree. If not, the system of public instruction, not you, is to blame. Important as the familiarity with facts may be there are other things which you need for success and these the Normal School, I am sure, has helped to develop. They are a professional insight, a spirit of conscientious effort and an enthusiastic attitude towards your chosen calling.

You will undoubtedly be told upon your graduation day—I have heard it almost every year since my connection with the school—that you are entering upon the occupation of teaching at a most opportune time. Commonplace though this saying may be, it is nevertheless true, and there is more reason for asserting it today than ever. This means in the near future more opportunity for the teacher and greater recognition socially and financially. But what you are interested in most deeply is the chance for immediate and desirable employment. You are not concerned very much with what the profession may offer ten years from now. Of course, you are looking forward to teaching as your life work. But with the average length of service not more than three years, what becomes of all the teachers? We know a good many who have taught fifteen, twenty, twenty-five and even thirty years. In fact, it seems as if most of those now in the schools had served longer than the average period. There must be a very large number who, after one year of teaching or possibly two, are persuaded to take up some other calling. Now this is not because of lack of success or unfitness for the work. There is some other reason. The professional training of teachers is an excellent preparation for something besides the schoolroom. No wonder the graduating classes of all the normal schools in the State do not furnish teachers enough to fill the vacancies.

While you have been pegging away at your studies I, too, have been working hard. The year to me has been one of great opportunity and constant application. At times I have become so much absorbed that the Normal School seemed far away. Occasionally sounds from Salem reached me and the chance meeting in Cambridge or

Boston of one of your number served to impress the fact that I was not far from home. Sometimes I have asked about what was going on in the geography class and have also inquired about the doings of the present juniors, but I have not heard of anyone repeating the leap for life from the top of the gravel hill. On the whole I know little about the Salem Normal School this year; I have become quite absorbed for the time being in the university study of educational problems.

To come back to one's college after the absence of a dozen years is to find lots of changes. Think what your own experience may be in returning to the Normal School in 1920. Since my undergraduate days at Harvard many new buildings have been erected, the complexion of the faculty has changed somewhat, the standard of requirements has been raised, the athletic games have moved across the Charles River and John the Orangeman is no more. But the President of the University is the same grand figure; the institution stands as firmly as ever for the motto upon its shield, "Veritas," and the Harvard spirit with the growth in the number of students has increased in strength and loyalty. To feel oneself occupying even an humble place in this great university with its wealth of associations, its infinite opportunities for research and its faculty of distinguished men is indeed stimulating and inspiring.

The experience of this year has given me once more the pupil's point of view. No instructor ought ever to allow himself to forget that such an outlook exists and I am not willing to admit that I have erred seriously in this respect. But after a term of years behind the teacher's desk one's ideas of how things look from the other side become somewhat vague. Although most of my work this year has been individual research in the library, I have found myself associated at times with students who might easily find a place in a normal school classroom. To touch elbows with them in a common work, to observe their impressions regarding the courses of instruction and to note their spirit and attitude towards things in general is, especially to the teacher of teachers, illuminating and suggestive.

My word of greeting must now become one of parting. This is not so easy. In September when I gave up your class I tried to do so without formality. Some of my colleagues even did not know that I had gone. I left the goodbys until another time. Suppose we do so now.

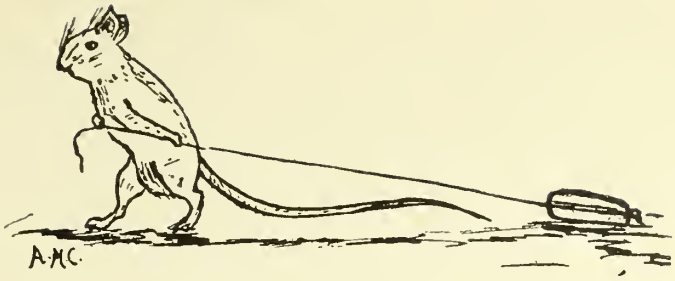
Sincerely,

William C. Moore.

Her Fiftieth Composition.

In the *new ell* of his house sat the *dean* before a bright *peat* fire. He had had a long illness but was now a *well man*. In his hand was a new treatise entitled "Was *Adam's* occupation ever that of a *Goldsmith?*" "Ignorance," he said thoughtfully gazing at a crimson *cushion* placed on a box bearing the label '*War on* bacteria,' "is the *pit man* often falls in"——

Note: My ink has dried up, so I can't finish this today.



[The following drama, an adaptation of Robert Browning's poem, "The Pied Piper of Hamelin," is for use in the school-room.]

The Pied Piper of Hamelin.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE :

The Piper.
The Mayor.
Members of Corporation.
Townspeople: men, women and children.

Setting—Hamelin, Germany.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

(Kitchen. Woman seated in a rocking chair, busily engaged in sewing. A small child asleep in a cradle at one side of the room. A large rat-trap on the floor. From time to time the loud squeals of mice are heard.)

Woman: (rising from chair, goes to closet door and opens it. Rat makes noise.) Oh ! there's another one ! If any more rats come into this house there won't be anything left but rats. (A noise from the cradle.) What's that ? Oh ! what has happened ? (Runs to cradle and takes baby up in her arms.) My baby ! One of those terrible rats has bitten your cheek. (As she hushes the baby, a rap is heard at the door. Enter another woman, a neighbor.)

First Neighbor : Good morning, Frau Schmidt. Why, what is the matter ?

Frau Schmidt : Oh, these rats ! Why can't something be done ? (Hushing baby, and speaking in soothing tones.) There, there, baby ! The rats have gone. Mother is here with you. (Turning to neighbor.) A rat has bitten my baby while he was asleep in his cradle. (Loud squeals of rats heard.) Do the rats trouble you so ?

First Neighbor : Trouble us ? I should say so ! My house is running over with them. There are rats in everybody's house, and in the streets. They are even

fighting with the dogs and killing the cats. Nothing seems to do any good. Have you caught many in this trap?

Frau Schmidt: No, I—(Sudden knock. Door opens, and a woman rushes into the room.)

Second Neighbor: Oh! oh! What shall I do? The rats are eating up all my cheeses, all my cakes, and even my puddings. Johann, my brother, found a nest of those terrible creatures in his best hat. It is spoiled forever! Just look at it! (Holding up hat.) (Squealing of rats becomes louder.)

First Neighbor: Perhaps we won't have to suffer any more from this pest. There is a report going about town that the matter is to be brought before the Mayor and the Corporation to see what they can do about it. They— (Noise of rats becomes so great that the conversation is drowned. Women at first clap their hands over their ears, and then drop their arms to clutch frantically at their skirts. They go through these movements for several minutes, and then dash wildly out of the room, Frau Schmidt hushing the baby, in the rear of the procession.)

Curtain.

Scene II.

Interior of Town Hall.

(Townspeople assembled in hall. Mayor and members of the Corporation seated on platform.)

Mayor (addressing people): Citizens of the town of Hamelin, you have before you a difficult matter to be settled.

First citizen (rising excitedly): Difficult? Have you just discovered it? For a long time we have suffered in silence from these rats. We have endured it as long as possible. The plague increases. The time has come when something must be done. All the townspeople are assembled here to-day for——

Second citizen (jumping up and exclaiming): You speak too mildly, fellow-citizen! Wake up, sirs! What have you (turning to the Mayor and the Corporation) done to help the town? Nothing, nothing, nothing! Do you think that we, with our hard-earned money, buy you garments lined with ermine for that purpose? Do you think we pay you to sit with your hands folded? (Sits down.)

Third citizen: It's shocking! (turning to Mayor and Corporation). Rack your brains, gentlemen! If you do not find a remedy soon, we, the people of Hamelin, will remove you from office.

(Mayor and members of Corporation exchange looks. Dismay and consternation seen on their faces. Mutterings and exclamations of approval heard throughout audience. Mayor rises and comes forward. Deep silence prevails.)

Mayor (wearily): Gladly would I sell this ermine gown which you mock. You say I have done nothing for you, but that is not true. My head fairly aches I have thought so hard about this matter. (A gentle tap is heard at the door. Mayor jumps,

and with a startled look, exclaims): "Bless us! What's that noise? Oh! Some one is knocking. (Assumes a pompous air.) Come in!

(Enter Pied Piper. Advances slowly towards table, his hands twitching nervously at the pipe hung around his neck. Addresses awed assembly.)

Pied Piper: Mr. Mayor, Honored Members, and Citizens of Hamelin! I have learned of the sad plight of your beautiful town. If your honors please, I am able, by means of a secret charm, to draw after me all creatures that creep, swim, fly, or run. I am called the Pied Piper. With my magic pipe I have freed many countries from pests. For a thousand guilders I will rid you of all these rats. What do you say?

Mayor: That is too small a price for such a task. Rid us of the rats, and we will make you a present of fifty thousand guilders.

Pied Piper (bowing low): Honored gentlemen, I accept the task which you have set for me. Although poor in appearance, I am honest. I will keep the bargain with you, even as I expect you to keep it with me.

Curtain.

ACT II.

Scene I. *Street Scene—Town Hall in the distance.*

(Rumbling and squealing of rats heard. Also the faint strains of a flute. Group of boys come rushing on stage, talking and gesticulating wildly. Stopping and covering eyes with hands, they peer into the distance.)

First boy: Look, boys, see that funny looking man coming out of the Town Hall!

Second boy: Doesn't he look strange! See his dress, will you?

Third boy: Oh! he has a flute. Hark! he is playing it. Hear the rats come tumbling out of their hiding places.

(Music becomes louder, and rumbling increases.)

First boy: Look, boys, look! Just see all those rats. There must be thousands and thousands of them. Watch them scamper after the Piper.

(People of village come rushing from all sides. A large crowd collects to watch the procession.)

Housewife (from among the crowd): Gracious! See all those rats run after the man with the pipe. See them scamper helter-skelter! If they keep rushing out at this rate, in a few minutes they will all be gone. (Claps hands gleefully.)

Citizen: Come on, everybody! He's drawing the rats after him. What do you suppose he will do to them? Let's all follow him. Oh! Oh! he's going towards the river Weser! What will happen now?

(Rumbling and squealing become deafening. Townspeople standing looking into the distance.)

Curtain.

ACT II.

Scene II.

Market Place. Ringing of church bells heard in the distance. Townspeople, in festive dress, talking and laughing gaily. Mayor, in centre, surrounded by members of Corporation.)

Mayor (giving orders in a loud voice) : Men, let us not have a trace of a rat left in this town. Go! Get long poles and poke out every nest that you can find. Tell the carpenters and masons to stop up every hole.

(Sudden appearance of Pied Piper, who places himself in the Mayor's path.)

Piper (firmly) : Before you do this, sirs, I should like to have my thousand guilders.

(Mayor and Corporation exchange looks. Converse aside in low tones.)

First member of Corporation : One thousand guilders! Pay that wandering beggar a thousand guilders! It's utter foolishness. Besides, the rats can bother us no longer. Tell him to begone at once. (Others nod approval.)

Mayor (turning to Piper) : One thousand guilders! Nonsense! Do you think we have unlimited wealth at our command? Besides, you did not rid us of the rats. Didn't we, the people of Hamelin, see the rats themselves jump into the river and drown? You cannot hold us to the bargain, fellow! But since we are a generous people, we will fully reward you for the slight service which you have rendered us. Here are fifty guilders. (Offers bag of coins to Piper.)

The Piper (waving bag aside and drawing himself up haughtily. Appears angry, with eyes flashing) : Keep that paltry sum for yourself, sirs! I have played my pipe to help you in your trouble. Now, if you do not pay me fully, I will play my pipe so as to bring upon you a greater misfortune than the one from which you have just been freed.

Mayor (sneeringly) : What? You threaten us, fellow? Do you think (laughingly) that you can scare us into paying you? (snaps fingers in Piper's face.) Do your worst! Blow on your tin pipe until there's not a breath left in your worthless body!

(Amid the jeers of the members of the Corporation and the townspeople, the piper pulls his hat down over his eyes, and rushes out of the market place without glancing at any one.)

Curtain.

ACT II.

Scene III.—*Street Scene.*

(Strains of sweet music heard in the distance. Townspeople come from all directions. Music becomes louder as Piper comes into view, playing his pipe, and followed by all the children of the town. Children are dancing, singing, and clapping hands joyously. Loud exclamations from parents.)

Child (calling out to parents): Good-bye, mother! Good-bye, father! We are going with the Piper to a beautiful land.

Second child: He says he will give us a tree of sugar plums.

Third child: He's promised me a horse with wings. Then I can fly high in the air!

Fourth child; We can do anything we like if we go with the Piper!

(Sorrowful cries and exclamations from parents in the crowd.)

Woman (in tones of anguish): Oh! Oh! He is drawing them towards the river Weser. He is going to drown them just as he did the rats. Oh! our beautiful children!

Second woman: No, it is not so! See! he is turning away from the river and going towards the hill. They are safe! He can never cross that high mountain. Only a wizard could lead those children over it. Do not worry; he will have to stop playing, and then our children will come back.

(Loud cries of joy heard on all sides, followed by a deep hush as the mountain opens and the children vanish. Grief-stricken cries from the parents. In a few minutes Piper enters again, playing his pipe, and followed by children, whom he leads across the market place. Sounds of sweet singing and the glad voices of children die away. Men and women stand spell-bound.

ELSPETH C. SAUNDERS.

MILDRED A. WETMORE.

Class Statistics.

M. MERRILL, industrious work ;* to learn ;† Portland ;‡ to speak well of everyone.§

E. ALLEY, her Puritan ideas ;* to improve mentally ;† English language ;‡ to change her name.§

F. MUSSO, her friendship with Rip Van Winkle ;* to make everybody good ;† the geographical garden ;‡ to teach rote songs.§

E. DALRYMPLE, asking questions on faulty sentences ;* to substitute ; † snarling her hair ;‡ to repeat answers.§

E. GRADY, pluck ;* to express her opinion ;† her marcel wave ;‡ to be President of a Woman's Club.§

V. FLANDERS, using big words ;* to attend the French lessons ;† her cousin ;‡ to go to college.§

L. ANDERSON, her dimple ;* to learn to be composed while reciting ;† Nature walks ;‡ to learn a lot.§

J. A. WALSH, her checker-board waists ;* to learn the names of tools ;† staying late(?) after school ;‡ to teach the B. & M. R. R. to have trains on time.§

E. REES, thinness ;* to learn the ways of "old-maidishness ;"† knocking ;‡ to teach in Peabody.§

I. FITZGERALD, being impatient ;* to get something for nothing ;† skipping ;‡ to be an honorary member of Harvard.§

M. A. COHANE, meeting friends whenever she goes out(?) ;* to shoulder all responsibilities ;† lots of room in her locker ;‡ to become an authority on Physiology.§

M. ISAAC, gentleness ;* to take Pedagogy ;† being agreeable ;‡ to rule by love.§

M. FISHER, modelling Ives and other "Hills ;"* to redeem her class ;† wearing red ;‡ to write jingles for magazine articles.§

S. WHITE, her Japanese smiles ;* to furnish all knowledge ;† pinkish red pinks ;‡ to become music teacher at S. N. S.§

M. WETMORE, singing rote songs ;* to expound eloquently ;† dancing ;‡ to be a soloist.§

A. M. CROSCUP, her green silk petticoat ;* to prepare for Danvers ;† Welsh rabbit ;‡ to live in Sherborn.§

M. REMON, talking nonsense ;* to raise a rough-house ;† tennis ;‡ to die at Juniper Point.§

B. E. REA, her dictionary revision ;* to spin mammoth dreams ;† moonlight dances and twinkling stars ;‡ to manage housekeeping wonderfully.§

F. CHAPMAN, losing the line of thought ;* to be "the man ;"† "Crocker-y ;"‡ to facilitate language lessons.§

E. MERRILL, wearing polka dot collars ;* to get back from dinner in time ;† Christmas "Carol ;"‡ to wear violets.§

E. SMITH, doing things *just right* ;* to work ;† black eyes ;‡ to be famous.§

E. O'BRIEN, bluffing ;* to slide through ;† basket ball ;‡ to develop studious habits(?)§

*Indicates Notorious for. †Object in coming to S. N. S. ‡Fond of. §Object in life.

J. Copland, being depended upon ;* to startle by her excellence ;† acting foolish ;‡ to teach "seed dispersal."§

E. Saunders, helping others :* to take a special course in Nature Study ;† "sweet-heart ;"‡ to go into partnership with a lawyer.§

A. Moran, her Harvard seals ;* to set good examples of industry;† giggling;‡ to teach manual training(?)§

L. Phillips, that "Leaf Collection ;* to make a good impression ;† the school garden ;‡ to speak ill of no one.§

A. Carlton, her beauty ;* to argue ;† rag-time ;‡ to take her mother to the theatre.

K. Barrett, telling stories ;* to star in Arithmetic ;† children ;‡ to teach.§

L. M. Durkee, her conscientious (?) study ;* to go through the tunnel ;† blue bows ;‡ to depend upon Providence.§

M. Kelly, wearing pretty stocks ;* to run the school ;† bossing ;‡ to find out "why."§

T. Walsh, her dark eyes ;* to take a special course in geography ;† motor boats ;‡ to sing in vaudeville.§

J. Ryan, defining words ;* to theorize ;† "*that* postal ;"‡ to enlighten the universe.§

A. Hainsworth, compositions made up of quotations ;† to donate pictures to her class ;† presenting what others can't ;‡ to be a model teacher.§

H. Locke, wearing a gray skirt ;* to get a good position ;† actors and actresses ;‡ to live at the Touraine.§

K. Reynolds, her dimple;* to take gymnastics(?);† geographical "speels";‡ to teach in a fourth grade.§

E. Crocker, telling *her* experiences ;* to get through ;† wearing brown ;‡ to reform the school.§

M. Hamilton, playing on musical mornings ;* to get "*A* ;"† music ;‡ to direct a glee club.§

A. Bucksey, her strawberry top;* to cultivate her love (?) for drawing ;† her crush ;‡ to teach History.

G. Dinan, her extra History recitations ;* to attend receptions (?) ;† suspenders ;‡ to learn to spell.§

S. Bjorklund, her quiet manner ;* to deepen her convolutions;† plugging ;‡ to jump the horse.§

E. Rand, high color ;* to be called a shark ;† her diamond ;‡ to get married.§

M. Brennan, bargaining ;* to prepare for a ninth grade ;† the Main-e line ;‡ to finish her S. N. S. banner.§

E. Desmond, being witty ;* to get a diploma with no work ;† stuffing ;‡ to finish her course of study.§

G. I. Houghton, her talks on education ;* to write a drama ;† her tan shoes ;‡ to organize a weather bureau.§

A. McCabe, joking ;* to show her cleverness ;† the Literature room(?) ;‡ to wear yellow shoes.§

B. Batchelder, playing centre ;* to learn to keep hold of her pocket-book ;† making a model meal ;‡ to get her work done on time.§

*Indicates Notorious for. †Object in coming to S. N. S. ‡Fond of. §Object in life.

F. FIELD, her gait;* to do all her lessons;† reading;‡ to make frequent visits at home.§

F. DAVIDSON, her calm expression;* to raise slips;† being neat;‡ to stay with her mother.§

J. FIELDER, pedagogical advice;* to "follow after;"† frizzling her hair;‡ to do everything for *that* entertainment.§

L. HILL, her heavy hair;* to have *her* way;† drawing;‡ to be a poetess.§

M. DOWLING, giggling;* to find "Redway's geography;† criticising;‡ to teach logically.§

H. MARSHALL, smushing;* to "kid" people;† dramatizing;‡ to be a high kicker.§

R. CORBIN, her golden hair;* to specialize in music(?);† pretty skirts;‡ to teach in Manchester-by-the-sea.§

A. RAMSDELL, calm voice;* to be a good scholar;† that blue-striped waist;‡ to wear jewelry.§

F. WELCH, talking;* to learn to catch that train;† taking attendance (?);‡ to make her hair grow over her rat.§

H. BASSETT, her soothing intonation;* to demonstrate the planting of slips;† flowers;‡ to quiet the troubled.§

E. M. BATCHELDER, her tow head;* to prepare to teach;† her brother;‡ to wait on table.§

M. MURRAY, throwing goals;* to win our basket-ball game;† "slamming" in Arithmetic;‡ to write dime novels.§

O. BELOFF, her bulging pompadour;* to wear pretty dresses;† checked waists; to grow thin.§

M. CHASE, her precise manner;* to broaden her mind;† old-fashioned jewelry;‡ to teach Arithmetic (?)§

*Indicates Notorious for. †Object in coming to S. N. S. ‡Fond of. §Object in life.

Alberta had a little mouse,
A little mouse had she.
A cat came by and saw that mouse,
And then—O my! O me!

K. E. B.

On the hill
By the rill
Little Bill
Had a spill.

E. R.

GRADUATING CLASS, 1908

A Modern Fairy Tale.

[*Adapted from the meager notes taken in the reading class.*]

A heavy, damp fog had rolled in from the sea, enveloping the town in its gray darkness. Night closed in without a moon. As we walked or rather groped our way along, occasionally the dim rays from a street lamp straggled through the mist and revealed the way for a few steps before us. Then all was darkness again. Borne on the chilly night wind came the dreary, sullen roar of the breakers as they dashed on the near-by shore. We shivered, drew our coats closely about us and hastened on. Gradually the mist in front of us seemed to be illuminated with a weird light which, as we advanced, grew more and more intense. Suddenly we found ourselves before a huge archway resplendent with brilliant lights which formed, over the entrance, the significant words, "Quo Vadis." Impelled by some unseen force, we drew nearer. At once the portal sprang open. We entered, and the great gate clanged behind. Before us stretched a broad panorama of strange buildings and towers. Peculiar sights and sounds greeted our bewildered senses. We hurried forward and in a moment would have entered the wonderful city. But, alas! we were startled and stopped by the sharp tones of a familiar voice calling us by name. There, craning her neck through the small aperture of an office window, was our old classmate, Marguerite Kelley. After we had answered numerous questions in regard to our ancestors, their birth, life, religion, habits, etc., and our own public and private affairs, she was evidently satisfied and gave us a passport into the Mystical City.

We had ventured forward only a few steps when someone brushed us rudely aside, shouting, " Get out of my way! I'm running for the 7.16." When we recovered our equilibrium, we saw Dezzie rushing along, hair loose, belt in hand, shoes unbuttoned, and coat flying. " We might have known." We followed closely behind and caught up just in time to see her throw herself and belongings into an airship. Evidently someone else besides ourselves had arrived too late. Standing on the landing, with her arms outstretched and her eyes gazing upward in a most beseeching manner, was Ethel Crocker. " Why, Crocky, what can be the matter? " we volunteered sympathetically. In answer, she pointed despairingly to the slowly receding airship. " Can it be that he has taken to the air? " I asked. " Why, sure enough, there he is at the gear. Poor Chapman!"

Uncertain as to what would happen next, but prepared for the worst, we started on again. As we turned a corner, we were confronted by someone who extended toward us a small collection box bearing the inscription, " Foreign Missions." Thoughtlessly dropping in one small coin, we continued on our way. Forced to glance back by hearing our names spoken, whom should we see following us but Millie Isaac with her little box. " You might at least have recognized me," she said. Apologizing for our oversight, we stopped to inquire what was to become of the small coin we had sacrificed. " Oh," she replied, " this money is to be sent to Sister Alley, who is doing noble missionary work in the wilds of Africa." At once interested, we loosened our purse strings and graciously filled the box. At this point our interview was cut short

by the appearance of Abbie Croscup, fussing and fuming as usual. "Millie, whatever shall I write in this thesis on the geographical significance of streets? I'm sure I don't know, and it must go in to the editor by Tuesday." Assuring Abbie that we hoped her thesis would get in all right, we thought it best to "get out."

We had not gone far when our attention was attracted by a large sign,

LOCKE THEATRE.

In the hope of escaping for a few moments from the strange encounters we had experienced, we entered the theatre. Just inside the door we met Helen who cordially greeted us. She informed us that she was the proprietor and at once signed two complimentaries which admitted us. We offered them to the lady in uniform who exclaimed, "Complimentaries, row 683, class F, tier I, slot 2(b)." "She must be a most orderly and particular individual," I said. "Does she remind you of anyone?" asked my companion. "Why, yes, Mildred Wetmore was always just like that." As we took a second glance, great was our astonishment to find that it really was she. Mildred was so busy that we thought it unwise to trouble her, so we went directly to our seats in the orchestra. The house filled rapidly until only one seat remained vacant. Our curiosity was excited, for it was the seat just beside us. The first announcement appeared. Imagine our surprise when we read, "The Dancing Wonder, Mme. De Carleton." The curtain rose. Then for a few moments, transported with delight, we followed the maddening whirl of the dancer as she flitted over the stage and finally disappeared. As the curtain dropped, Miss Locke mounted the stage and made the following announcement, "I take pleasure in presenting Marion Remon, the greatest, funniest comedian of the day. This is positively her last appearance in public, as she intends to retire immediately into private life so that she may have more time for —sleep.

Amid tremendous applause the curtain rose. As we turned to see how heartily the rest of the house was applauding, we saw a figure strolling, with calm, serene face, leisurely in manner, down the aisle. She was the very counterpart of Innocence. She seated herself beside us. My companion nudged my elbow and whispered, "That's Florence Davidson." We learned from her that she had inherited a large fortune and was therefore spending her days in the enjoyment of life. After the performance was over we left the heiress to saunter out at her leisure, while we made haste to escape from the crowd into the street. For a few moments we walked along in silence, when all at once we heard the drone of a bagpipe and who should pass by but Annie McCabe, doing her old stunt, the barn-dance. We watched her until she had disappeared from sight and then continued our journey.

From one side of the street a little path led across a stretch of meadow land. The cool, green grass and shady trees looked so inviting that we decided to leave the main thoroughfare and follow the footpath. We had not gone far when in the distance, behind a clump of trees, we saw two figures wandering along together. They seemed to have their eyes fastened on the ground and each was carrying a huge basket on her arm. There was something about them which was strikingly familiar, although we could not see their faces. As we came closer to them, however, we discovered that they

were "the inseparables," Rosalind and Joyce. Every few moments one of them would stoop, pick up something from the ground and put it in the basket. "What are you girls doing?" I asked. My question startled them, for they had not noticed our approach. A broad smile overspread Rosalind's face, but before she had time to answer, Joyce, peering over her glasses, asked, "What's that? O, yes, we're collecting specimens; we're assistants in the zoological and botanical department at the Salem Normal School now." We sat down together on the grass for a few moments to indulge in reminiscence. Suddenly Joyce exclaimed, "Say, girls, have you heard about Marion Hamilton? She has a first grade down in Skihuble, Maine. You know Mary Dowling is the principal of the largest school down there and through her help Marion has, I guess, secured a permanent position." "Marion in Skihuble! That's pretty good! But it's not at all strange to have May come to her aid, for May always was Marion's last resource when they were at Normal. Good-by, girls! We must be off for it is already getting late. So glad to have met you!"

As we sauntered along we came to a little white cottage at the end of the path, called the "Manchester." In front of it was a delightful little pool of water. Around the edge, sown eight inches apart in rows in the clayey soil which evidently had a large capacity for holding water, were hundreds of minute clam shells. There in the center of the beach thus formed, with sea-shore pail and shovel, was a forlorn figure. "Why, Theresa, what are you doing here? Are you married yet?" Tossing her head, she replied indignantly in her old-time phrase, "H'm, I could be if I wanted to." Since she seemed to have abundant leisure, we stopped to inquire about some of our old friends. "Do you know what Fannie Welch is doing now?" "Fannie Welch? H'm! The last I knew of her she was at the head of the lately established monotone society, furthering that new brand of tone that she demonstrated so dramatically in the history class in Normal. Don't you remember?" "Oh, yes!" we sang in chorus. "Say, girls, have you heard the latest love song? No? Why! Elizabeth Merrill composed it. It goes like this, "Carroll, O my Carroll." We should have liked to hear the rest, but just then we were attracted by the shrill whistle of a passing freight train. A crowd seemed to be gathering along the track; so from "instinct" and "by reflex action," we hurried to join them. Vigorously waving a red flag on the top of the rear car stood Lydia Anderson. Now what do you think of that?" When Lydia caught sight of us she flourished her flag in the air and shouted: "Hi!" The train passed on and we followed the crowd up the busy street.

Evidently they were all going to the same place, for they walked on in the same direction and soon turned in at the entrance to a large brick building. We followed. Just inside the door there was a huge poster which read:

Lecture on Subjective Spiritualism
by
Miss Juliette Ryan, Ph. D., D. D., S. B.

Since we were not in a philosophical frame of mind, we decided not to enter but to wait until the lecturer should pass by. We were rewarded in a few moments, for Juliette, heavily laden with degrees, came tripping sedately along. Close at her heels

came the "modern Boswell," Melissa Chase. Every few moments the latter drew from her handbag a small book and jotted down notes or observations. All signs seemed to indicate that a biography of J. Ryan would soon appear. Our curiosity now satisfied, we passed on up the street. A few blocks away we stopped to gaze in a window in which were exhibited some excellent specimens of wood carving. While so engaged, we heard someone tap on the window from inside. We looked up and there was Mildred Merrill. We could hardly believe our eyes until we looked up at the sign above the window and read:

PERCY–MERRILL CO.

As Mildred was evidently busy we walked on until we came to the Court House. Gathered in front of it were a great many highly excited young men. From their conversation we learned that there was a very sensational case going on. We entered. The lawyer was reading the verdict: "Miss Rand, the court has found you guilty in the first degree of breach of promise against the plaintiff. Since this is the third offence of this nature, the court orders that you refrain from going to Exeter for six years." "The same old story," we said, and continued our journey.

Farther on we met Lillie Phillips, who at once asked us if we intended to go up to the Athletic Club. "Why, what is coming off up there?" we asked. "Don't you know that Addie Bucksey and Ethel Rees are going to have a trial of strength? I guess it's begun already. We'll be late." Accordingly we all hastened toward the Athletic Club. On the way Lillie informed us that Louise Hill had become famous as director of a village choral society in Skowhegan. When we arrived, the combatants looked like one confused, wriggling mass in the center of the floor. One glance was enough, for we had seen the same performance on a smaller scale many times before. We made our exit. We asked Lillie to spend the afternoon with us but she declined. She is president of a large woman's college now and had to address a meeting of the professors; so we went on our way alone.

It was not long before we were stopped by Alice Hainsworth. "Hello, girls, in a hurry? Come on and hear Ethel Grady speak." At first we did not know where we were going, but Alice succeeded between breaths in telling us that she was running Ethel's campaign for the presidency. Her platform was Woman's Rights. By this time we had arrived in the midst of a large mob. Mounted on a small stump, frantically waving her hands, was Ethel, delivering the following words with great vehemence; "Woman is man's equal, but is she occupin' her true 'speer'? Alas, no! We are deprived of the ballot, we 'ain't' allowed to make stump speeches or take part in politics. Is it right? How many men vote who know what they are voting for? I demand the ballot. I want to assume the 'speer' which 'nachur' fitted me for equally with men, but from which masculine jealousy has thus far excluded me. O my sisters! this is a question upon which I have cogitated long and vigorously."

We walked around to the rear and there seated directly behind the speaker was Amy Ramsdell, taking notes as usual in a ponderous volume. She is reporter for the "Bingville Bugle." Beside her lay the latest copy of the paper. We took it up to read the news of the day. On the front page, written in glaring headlines, was the following announcement:—

All are invited to see the last performance in vaudeville of the champion gigglers and gymnasts, Agnasia Morania and Julissima Walshazza. Their costumes are wonderful and of the most beautiful tints and shades of lemon.

"Listen to what it says here," said I. "Louise Durkee, Hairdressing Parlours. Specialty: Bows matched to eyes." "And what's this?"

"A Narrow Escape."

"As automobile no. 68103496 passed through Bingville two weeks ago, Florence Musso, standing on a hill ten miles distant, barely escaped a fatal injury. It is feared the shock will result in nervous derangement." Florence always was nervous.

Just then Verna happened along, holding a manuscript in her hand. "Are you taking notes, too, Verna?" "Oh! no," she said, "I'm writing a thesis for admission to Dartmouth on 'The Ideo-fantasmagorical Survey of the Enervating Effects of Topographical Conditions on Anthropology.' Isn't it queer so few of our girls are teaching? The only ones I know of are Miss Field and Miss Ethel Batchelder." "Well, where are they?" we asked. "Miss Field is teaching in her home town and, as far as I know, has been very successful. Ethel Batchelder is getting quite a large salary, but she is putting it in the bank for her brother who wishes to go through college." "Have you heard anything of Mid' Fisher, Verna." "Why, I had a letter from Mid' two weeks ago. Here it is in my pocket:

Dear Verna:—This is the simple life for me. From morn till eve I sit on the stony pebbles and watch the cod dry on the beach as the balmy winds of the southeast trades sweep over the Cape.—— Mid.

By this time the crowd had begun to scatter, and thanking Verna for the information received, we left her. We walked on until we came to a large square which resembled Copley Square, Boston. Entering the first large building, we found ourselves in the Museum of Fine Arts. We remained only long enough to learn that Ethel Smith had undertaken the laborious task of cataloguing all specimens of marble in the Museum. She advised us to visit the large Medical School and Conservatory before leaving the square. We went first to the Conservatory. We noticed that the windows were profusely decorated with Wandering Jew. The strangeness of the scene was accounted for when we found that Irene Fitzgerald was the owner. "Why, Irene," we asked, "don't you raise anything but Wandering Jew?" "Y—e—s, but my hobby is Wandering Jew slips. Guess whom I saw the other day, girls? Eleanor O'Brien! And w-h-a-t do you suppose she was doing? She is an agent for the "Free Lunch Concern" and spends her time tasting samples in all the large stores scattered over the country. What she can't use herself she takes home to Sybil White, who keeps house for her." "Do you know anything of Bessie Rea?" "Er-r, she has charge of Davis's ice cream parlours in the village of Chesterville."

We then started for the Medical School. As we crossed the square we noticed Olga Beloff standing before a letter box with several hundred letters. A passing glance at the addresses as she dropped the letters into the box, showed us that all the colleges in the country were well represented. We did not stop to speak but passed on into the school. As we passed the office, we noticed a nurse in uniform in

consultation with a doctor. She bore a striking resemblance to Ethel Dalrymple. We intended to hurry quickly through the building, but we were forced to stop and speak a few words to Marion Brennan who sat in a room studying a diagram based on a Pedagogical Analysis of floating ribs. Marion told us that Helen Bassett and Elizabeth Batchelder have gone to Argentina to study soils. We left Marion to her study and departed. It was not long before we ran into Kitty Reynolds, in her usual passive frame of mind. She is still waiting for "something to turn up." Her old friend, Mary Cohane—so she said—is head buyer in a small country store. She is noted for getting things at the lowest possible price. "Oh, girls, I had my picture taken the other day, and in the studio I met Miss Dinan. She was posing as an artist's model. She told me that Sigrid Bjorklund is organist in a large church in Boston." Kitty walked so leisurely that we could not wait; so we went on ahead into the residential section of the city. Standing on the steps before the door of a large house and ringing the bell with all her might, was Gladys Houghton. In her hand she held a large satchel which bore the inscription, "Pearce's Soap." Evidently George has gone into the soap business!

Farther on we came to a low building. A weather-beaten, wooden sign swung in front of the doorway. It read: "Gossip Club. Opinions freely given." A bent figure, heavily burdened with a large portfolio from which papers were sticking out in all directions, was passing up the steps. Around her waist was a broad rainbow sash with the words, "Pres. Elsie," printed on it in gilded letters. We watched until she disappeared in the doorway and then continued. By this time we had passed through the different phases of city life and had reached the rural district. We stopped to rest after our strenuous day on the steps of a small cottage. From the graceful curve of the knees of a person who stood in the doorway, we were able to recognize Harriet Marshall. She was thoughtfully reading a novel entitled, "Married Life: Before and After," written by the celebrated novelist, Katherine Barrett.

Thoroughly tired of these thrilling experiences, we implored Hattie to tell us the way out of the city. "That's easy," she responded. She handed us a graphical representation of her directions, saying, "If you follow directions explicitly you will arrive over a small hole, Take first position forward with inside foot, one stride jump, and await developments."

Once more we stood in the fog and the darkness, and wearied and tired, we hastened on our homeward way without further adventures.

The Dream.

The night before graduation, I was lying awake thinking of my last two years, when suddenly I seemed to find myself in a strange yet familiar place. It was in a large hall, and a man was announcing through a megaphone that there was a unique design now on exhibition in the hall. At this point the chief designer came forward and said that after much serious thought and study, he was able to present, as the result of his stupendous undertaking, a design based on firm and ancient principles rather than on unstable modern devices. It was his opinion, he said, that at last America might boast an art of it own.

Great crowds thronged about the exhibit. One group which stood directly in front of me, showed by the intellectual bearing of its members that it was fully capable of judging the merits and demerits of the design. I could easily overhear their remarks, and the first one which broke the silence was,—

"I perceive that at last we have subjected to our inspection a design constructed on a purely geometric basis. It is all the more remarkable because of its perfect symmetry."

"All *right*," came another voice, "but I should make it a question of content rather than of form."

"Why of all things!" said a surprised voice, "they evidently have not considered the point of view."

"In my opinion," broke in the man with an earnest tone, "the significant units are the ones to be observed and compared."

"That is true," observed a person of erect bearing, "but what an excellent teaching device it would make."

"Yet I notice," drawled another, "that it has the repose of the East. In the West we would give it an air of activity."

"Looking at it from a psychological standpoint," said a trim young woman, "I perceive that it lacks that 'soul' which is so vital to a truly artistic production."

"If I had my way," remarked a perfectly contented individual, "I would plane it down some."

"Indeed so!" came in supercilious tones, "I see there is a deal of reconstruction necessary in order to arrange to a nicety the contour of the design in direct relation to the topography of its background."

"Yes, but if you change the 'contour', if that's what you call it, you'll destroy its rythm," broke in a cheery voice, "I can't make you see it, you've got to *feel* it."

"Hm, hm!" was the brisk remark of one of the group bearing a copy of H— and S— under her arm, "I think the curves ought to be straightened out. It might then be neater."

"For my part," said a decisive voice, "I think it's simply *atrocious*. The units are just *flung* together. Its enough to give anyone the *nightmare*. I wouldn't have that design in my house for a *thousand dollars!* What do you think about it?" he asked his neighbor.

"Oh!" was the laughing reply, "I never criticise outside business hours."

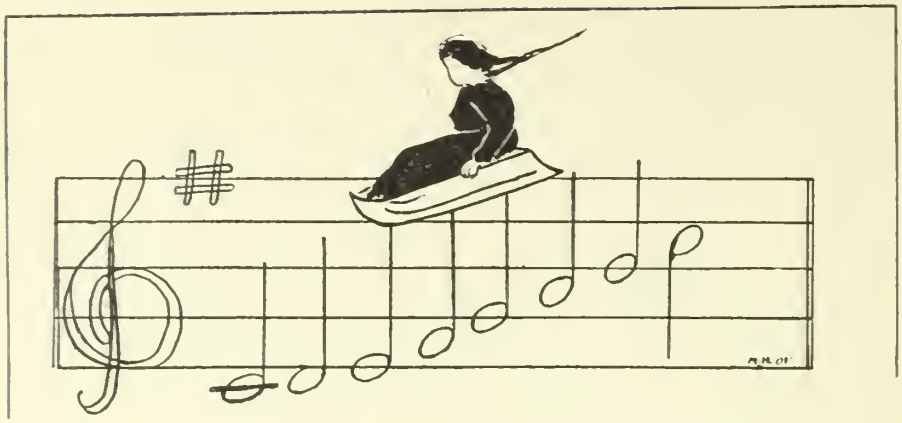
"Let the poor design alone," came a soothing voice, "come with me while I serve you with tea."

The group departed, and there exposed to my view was the strange design.

"A creature not too bright and good
For human nature's daily food."

V. Flanders. E. Grady.

A TYPICAL SCHOOL TEACHER



The Glee Club sang so very high,
They soon did touch the sky.
One note they held so very long,
That even Archibald's breath did fail.
The club were sure they'd done something wrong,
So they one by one slid down the scale.

Musical Notes.

The charm of music and the subtle influence which it wields over life, moulding, developing and shaping character, is as potent today as ever it has been in the past. Without music, life would lose much of its brightness and, in time, would become dwarfed and narrowed. With a feeling of the truth of this fact in mind and a sense of the need of more attention to the musical side of our school life, the Salem Normal Glee Club was organized in the fall of 1906, in the Junior year of our class. Of the twenty-four girls who made up the Glee Club, eighteen were Juniors. Under Mr. Archibald's efficient and inspiring leadership, the Tuesday afternoon rehearsals grew to be a source of great pleasure as well as of musical cultivation to the girls. At his suggestion the club planned a concert, the proceeds of which were to go toward the purchase of a pianola for the school. The concert was given in February before a large audience whose interest and satisfaction in the program rendered was very evident.

So highly thought of was the music furnished by the Glee Club that it was asked to sing at the Seventeenth Triennial Convention of the Salem Normal Association, held in the school building in June. Past graduates were delighted with this addition to the school life and many expressed their appreciation of its work.

The work of this year was begun with enthusiasm and without a shadow of a doubt as to its success. The present members of the Glee Club are as follows: first soprano: Eleanor Desmond, Louise Hill, Abbie Croscup, Elspeth Saunders, Ethel Rees, Rosalind Corbin, Margaret Better; second soprano: Addie Bucksey, Florence Davidson, Winifred Poor, Alice Fernald, Edna McKenzie, Marion Remon; first alto: Mildred Fisher, Elizabeth Batchelder, Helen Bassett, Marion Brennan, Marion Hamilton, Angelica Gamboa; second alto: Evelyn Alley, Olga Beloff, Gladys Houghton, Bertha Deane, Harriet Robertson, Katherine Flagg. The present treasurer of the club is Alice Fernald.

Another concert was given in February and was considered as great a success as that of the year before. The help which this organization has been in raising the standard of the school from a musical standpoint cannot be easily ascertained, but it has certainly been great. As a school and as individuals we thank the director, Mr. Archibald, the pianist, Miss James, and the girls of the Glee Club for the valuable service they have rendered the school by the use of their time and their talent.

Another source of musical culture and enjoyment has been the musical programs to which the first hour every Wednesday morning, for at least half of the year, has been devoted. In the two years of our course we have listened to many interesting and varied programs furnished with one or two exceptions by talent found in the student body. Thus opportunity has been afforded of hearing some of the compositions of Handel, Chopin, Schumann, Wagner, Bach, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Tchaischowsky, Rubenstein and a few other composers. Again would we thank the committees who have had these musical mornings in charge and all those who have in any wise contributed to their success.

To Chapman.

A little boy named Chapman
Stole into a school one day,
The school was S. N. S., I'm told,
And the girls were all at play.

One little girl espied him,
And calling the others away,
She said, "There's a boy in school, girls,
And we'll see what he has to say."

So into the schoolhouse they scampered,
These girls so merry and gay,
And they carried him off to the meadows
And buried him deep in the hay.

Although the girls were many,
And he was only one,
He never lost his courage,
And to-day the victory's won.

Athletics.

We might divide the athletics of our school into three groups: gymnastics, basketball, tennis. It is necessary to state, however, that the amount of time, energy, and interest given to them is by no means equal.

Gymnastics.

Since this form of exercise receives most attention, let us consider it first. We have a well-equipped gymnasium. It is by no means irreproachable, but perhaps the scramble for a locker and especially for one with a basin, only adds to the zeal and interest. Under our excellent instructors we can all see improvement in many ways, gained from our drills and exercises for two hours a week. The girls delight in doing the "stunts" in evidence in the gymnasium almost any day and in spite of the complaints of "Oh, dear! I've got to take 'gym' today," each one feels the good she is getting from it and deep down in her heart is glad when "gym', day comes. The aesthetic dancing, which has been taught this year in addition to the floor and apparatus work, is much enjoyed by the girls and makes a very pretty and pleasing feature of gymnastics.

Tennis.

In the spring of 1907, the students awoke to the fact that a good tennis court was going to waste beneath their very noses. Consequently, a meeting was held and an association formed with Marion E. Remon as manager, Avis Carleton, assistant, and Eva Bradstreet, treasurer. At a fee of thirty-five cents, about thirty joined, and having purchased rackets, balls, net, tape, etc., the association started to have some very enjoyable games. In the fall, tennis was again resumed. This spring plans are being made to put the ground in much better shape and to have two courts instead of one.

BASKET BALL TEAM, 1907-8

This will mean more enjoyable times and much enthusiasm all around. Besides the two courts, it is thought that tournaments would be of interest. It is thought now that the association will offer a cup to the winner of the tournaments. The prospects for tennis for 1908 look very bright and it seems now as if the forming of the association had been a step well taken. Much thanks is due to Mr. Cushing for the interest he has taken, and the help he has given.

Basketball.

The teams have been formed this year as usual and there has been much spirited playing. Practice has taken place in the gymasium every Saturday afternoon under the direction of Miss Warren. For the last few games the scores have been very nearly even, and the enthusiasm has run high. We hope that basketball will be as enjoyable next year as it has this year.

Members of Senior Team.

Goal	Guard
M. Murray	A. Croscup
E. Saunders (Capt.)	A. Bucksey
E. Rees	M. Kelley

Center

M. Remon
E. O'Brien
E. Batchelder

Substitutes—M. Wetmore
G. Houghten
L. Durkee.

Junior Woes.

Now our Junior days are numbered,
'Tis not wrong to make it clear
That we suffered untold terrors
In the opening of the year.

Then our brains (which were so plastic)
Felt a pressure on all sides,
And our eyes bulged out in wonder
As our knowledge took its strides.

First we labored with the scalpel,
Scraping out the locust's eyes;
Learned that "consciousness is motor"—
All that psychic word implies.

Next "both eyes and ears" were given
To assist in science cause;
While artistic efforts rendered
Brought the critic's loud applause (?).

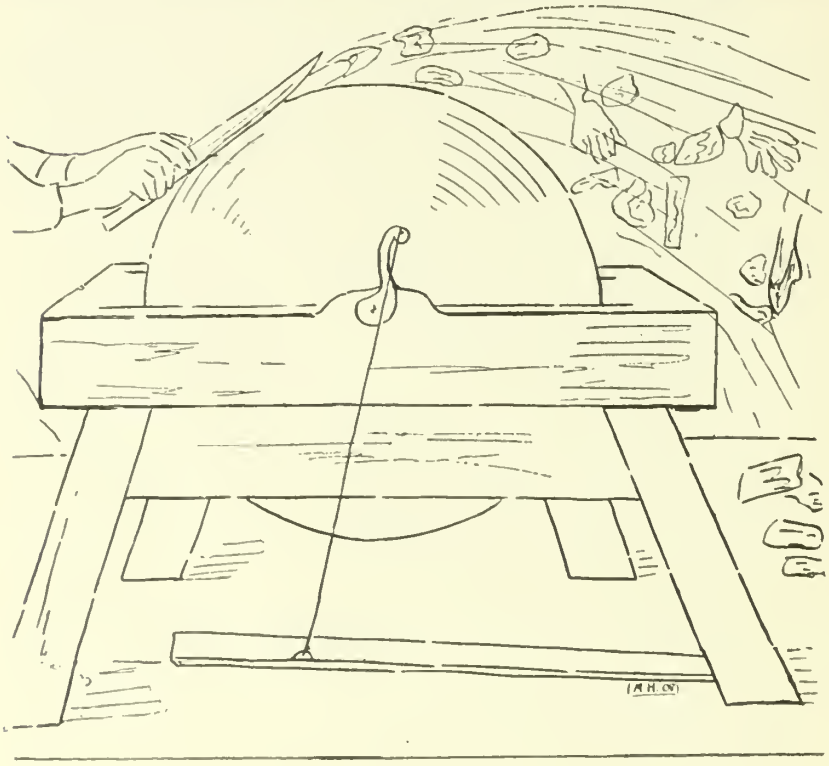
Learned to dress in twenty seconds;
Mount in glee the lengthy stair;
Pay no heed to tired muscles,
Even less to straggly hair.

On our friends' best English papers
Forced to mark some ugly D's;
Through a gentle teacher's strivings
To know the notes and scales and keys.

And so I might go on forever,
Citing how our brains have grown;
But the pangs we suffered meanwhile
Never can be told or known.

BERTHA DEANE.

GRINDS



Fred Chapman
Remon
Ethel Crocker
Abbie
Kelley
Saunders.

"There is a jewel which no Indian can buy;
No chemic art can counterfeit."
M. Wetmore.

"She lives in fame."
M. Hamilton.

Mr. Newell (in class): "In making designs, as for instance conventionalizing bugs, have a picture, or the specimen before you. Don't ever trust to your heads."

Did you ever notice Miss Rand's affection for clothes lines on a dark night?

Miss Elizabeth Merrill—our incorrigible theatre-goer. "The ——, one of the best of the season."

Miss Phillips in Literature: "Rip Van Winkle had the misfortune to be married."

(Mrs. Day protests.)

An increase in foresight during the Senior year—

Misses Chase, Durkee and Kelley with their new glasses.

Great discovery by Miss Desmond! The two best rivers for navigation in the U. S. are the Mississippi and the Merrimac!!!

Girls! If you want to feel the "muscular thrill," play tennis!

Champion feather-weight dancer. M. Cohane.

Miss Croscup would like to know whether or not her college friends (from Brown or elsewhere) have authority for using *tho.*

"It is in truth a cheerful little thing." Florence Musso.

Here is my hand for true constancy. Alice Fernald.

The literary and scientific world eagerly awaits the publication of "The New Comprehensive Geography" by Miss Juliette Ryan. It promises to supply a long-felt want; that is, a book embodying the causal relations in geography and at the same time based on pedagogical principals.

"So absolute he seems and in himself complete—so well to know his own—that what he wills to do or say seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best."

Mr. Pitman.

"The beautiful are never desolate
But someone always loves them." A. Carleton.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And that painting is its goal!

Miss Fernald gives us a sample of her future story-telling language, when she says, "Rip treated the crowd."

Senior I walks into Lit. five minutes late, but it doesn't seem to disturb the teacher any. She keeps on playing checkers with the taken and the return slips.

Have a Guess!

She rises at seven, dresses, and leaves her home for the station at seven-fifteen. After a five-minute walk, or to be more accurate a five-minute fly, she arrives in time to see the seven-sixteen train about to pull out of the station. With wild wavings of her arms, accompanied by cries of, "Oh, wait for me—do, Horace, you've got to hold that train" (it is a branch line), she rushes down the track and falls aboard. The train moves on, and she has a chance to catch her breath and patch herself together. As she nears Lynn, she gets nervous—"Do you s'pose we're late? We must get that main line today—I haven't done a thing yet—" Just then she sees the main line train go flashing by. She jumps to her feet, followed by the other girls, and they rush to the platform. The train slows up to wait for the main line to leave the station. The girls jump. As they are at the head of Lynn station, the train begins to move out. The girls rush on—*she* rushes too—jabbering and dodging. One girl gets the train—another—*she* is the third. (The others, tired out by laughing at her, have stopped). The two girls on the now fast moving train wave goodbye to her. With one last desperate spurt, she waves her arms at an approaching man, shouting, "Look out! I'm running!!" (a very necessary explanation); throws herself at the steps of the train—and the last that is seen of her, she is being dragged up the steps by the long-suffering brakeman!

Who is she?

Two Souls With But a Single Thought.

Miss Crocker (in Reading) "I should think that it was a girl because a boy would not moralize like that."

Miss Rogers (very earnestly) "Why, that's just what Mr. Chapman said."

Miss P.
the marvellous singer of NOTE.S.

"Sunny Jim." Sybil White.

"The mind is lost in mighty contemplation." Ethel Smith.

"A lengthy subject." Sigried Bjorklund.

"All-round athletes." E. E. O'brien, M. Remon, E. Saunders.

"We use 'Force'." M. Cohane, E. O'brien, O. Beloff,
V. Flanders. Honorary member, M. Kelley.

"Cheer up! There's a good time coming!" So say Abbie and Elsie.

"Come down, O maid, from yonder mountain height." H. Locke.

"Big I, and little you." M. Hamilton.

"A word to the wise is sufficient." The warning from the office.

"Few have ever loved like us." E. S. and M. A. W.

"Heavens! were we born for nothing but to work!" Senior Class.

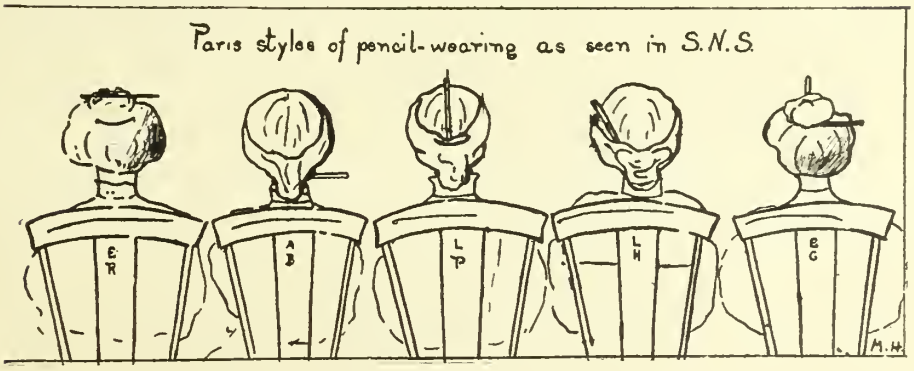
"The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love." A. M. Croscup.

"Little said is soonest mended." M. Wetmore.

"Reluctant shall I bid thee farewell." Senior Class, June, 1908.

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen
The saddest are these,"— Marks.

"No sense have they of ills to come,
No cares beyond today." *The Juniors.*



A Reproof.

We were seated in recitation,
  Each one busy with the thought
Of the cause of the relation
  Between man and vacant lot.

One young maiden found no interest
  In a lot which vacant lay;
One in which a cow was grazing
  Or a farmer raked his hay.

On a plot of land she visioned—
  Just a cottage built for two—
With her neighbor she was planning,
  What the next year she would do.

Quickly, loudly, came the calm voice
  Couched in accents chilling cold,
"In this wise and learned discussion,
  Their attention all should hold.

Not a single thought should wander,
  Not a single word be said;
For unto mind's dark chambers
  All our powers should be led.

Harsh should be our reprimanding
  Toward this thoughtless studentette;
By her science is not needed,
  But a course in etiquette."

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